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In concluding these remarks on this portion of the history of the three great parts of the British Empire, and dismissing the first volume of the work, we shall only add, that the manner in which it has been executed cannot fail to stimulate the two other great names, who make up the "Tres juncti in uno," to render the histories of England and Ireland equal to that of their predecessor, in interest and value.

From the length to which this general introduction has extended, and which we thought due to so important a work as the Cabinet Cyclopædia, brought out under the superintendence of a Dublin man, we have little room to speak as we should wish of the second volume, which treats on the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery; we trust, however, to return to it in an early number, and treat more satisfactorily of the subject. It is to consist of two volumes, the first extends from the history of the earliest geographical records contained in Holy Scripture, to the discovery of the new world by Columbus, on the 12th of October, 1492. It is a work of prodigious labour and learning, and as far as we have been able to judge, of accurate research, affording an immense body of valuable information, in a clear, unembarrassed, and agreeable style. Passing from what a reverend and learned friend of ours usually designates "the Cosmogonic portion of the Pentateuchal records," the historian proceeds to the extensive but obscure discoveries of the Phœnicians, the greatest and most enterprising maritime people of antiquity. The numerous colonies which they planted on the shores of the Euxine, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic, beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, attest the extent of their early voyages. Utica, Carthage, Cadiz, and we may add, after a long and careful examination of the proofs and authorities upon the subject, Ireland, which was previously inhabited by other Celts, were colonized by them between the twelfth and eighth centuries before the Christian era. A jealousy of interference with their trade induced them, for the most part, carefully to conceal their discoveries. In the account of the Argonautic expedition, however, attributed to Orpheus, and universally admitted to be of very remote antiquity, distinct mention is made of Iernis or Ireland; it is called the sacred island Ierne, by Himilæco, and is mentioned in conjunction with Albion, by Aristotle. The whole of the geography of the Greeks is extremely interesting and most ably and perspicuously given by our author. Passing the mines of information explored in Homer, Hesiod, and Herodotus, and the discoveries of Scylax, Pytheas, and Xenophon, we shall conclude for the present, with the following notice of the geographical attainments of Aristotle.

"But the benefits which accrued to science from the activity of its followers, were not confined to the invention of these vague theories. The discoveries and observations of Herodotus, of Scylax, of Hippocrates, and of Pytheas, were weighed by one of those master minds on whom nature seems to confer the right to theorise; for Aristotle was among the number of those extraordinary men, who by the strength and universality of their genius are fitted to be the architects rather than the builders of the edifice of knowledge. The boldness and variety of his speculations recommended him to the subtle temper of the Arabians, by whom he was first made known to modern Europe; and as the features of a deified hero are deformed in

the idol fashioned by his rude adorers, so the fame of Aristotle has hardly yet recovered from the multiplied perversions to which his writings were subjected by the ignorance of past ages.

"Aristotle possessed a great fund of geographical knowledge. He maintained that the earth is a sphere, having a circumference of 400,000 *stadia*, a calculation which may be correct; but the uncertainty, as to the *stadium* employed, renders it impossible to appreciate its merit. Reasoning firmly on the hypothesis that the earth is a globe, Aristotle appears to have suggested the voyage across the Atlantic eighteen centuries before Columbus; for he observes, that the coasts of Spain cannot be very far distant from those of India. The happy boldness of this thought, was all his own, the errors of calculation belonged to his age. In his nomenclature, too, we see evidence of a juster geographical conception than was possessed by many writers of a much later age. His knowledge of the earth was bounded by the *Gulph* and *Indian* gulfs on the West and East, by the *Riphaean* mountains on the North, and on the South by the great river *Cremetes*, 'which, having its source in the same mountain as the Nile, flows westward into the ocean.' This great river must be the Senegal. Aristotle knew but little of the north of Europe, yet he is the first who mentions the *Hercynian* mountains; a designation which, probably, extended over the lofty ranges on the west and north of Bohemia, but which is at present retained only by the insulated mountains of the *Hartz*. He also makes express mention of two large islands, *Albion* and *Ierne*, situated to the north of *Celica* (and he is the first writer who mentions them together, and with the common name *Britannica*;) but he adds, that they are not by any means so large as *Taprobane* beyond India, or *Phebol* in the Arabian sea. Here we have a proof of his extensive information in his early mention of *Taprobane* or Ceylon, and *Phebol*, which is generally supposed to be Madagascar; but which, as *Saibala* is an Indian name, ought, perhaps, to be looked for more towards the east.

"Aristotle had many scholars who devoted themselves to geographical studies, and some of whom, as *Dicaearchus* and *Theophrastus*, obtained distinction by their writings; but he had the singular honour of infusing the love of knowledge into the future conqueror of Asia. The spirit of the royal pupil corresponded with the intellectual eminence of the great teacher; and the expedition of Alexander produced a greater revolution in the knowledge of the globe, than almost any other event recorded in ancient history; and more designedly, perhaps, than is generally imagined."

Memoirs of Rear Admiral Paul Jones. Compiled from his original journals and correspondence, including an account of his services under Prince Potemkin, prepared for publication by himself, 2 vols. 8vo. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, and Simpkin & Marshall, London, 1830.

Those who have hitherto regarded Paul Jones merely as a traitor; or an audacious pirate and robber, and we believe that is the light in which his character is very commonly viewed by Englishmen, will have their opinions modified, and some prejudices removed, by a perusal of these

volumes, which contain the first authentic and detailed account of his life, that has been presented to the public. They are compiled principally from Jones' own papers; and as he was by no means the man to hide his candle under a bushel, there is a good deal of egotistical rhodomontade and disgusting personal vanity frequently displayed in them, but still there is somewhat more of the half Cæsar, mixed with the whole dandy, in this fighting, letter-writing, verse-making, intriguing sailor, than the majority of readers will be prepared to expect.

John Paul, (for the name of Jones was assumed, probably to conceal his Scottish birth and family, when he took up arms against his country,) was the son of a Scotch gardener; at the age of twelve he became a ship-boy at Whitehaven; by his good conduct, intelligence, and knowledge of his profession he obtained the place of third Mate in a Whitehaven slaver, and at the age of nineteen was appointed chief Mate of a brigantine, also engaged in the same traffic; during this period of his life, he is said to have studied navigation and other branches of education connected with his profession, very assiduously. After some time he quitted the brigantine, and returned to his native place, and we next find him in command of a London West India trader. He subsequently retired for a while from the sea service, and lived in inactivity and discontent, until in 1775, being then in his 28th year, he solicited and obtained from Congress, the appointment of first lieutenant in one of the two ships which the American navy then boasted. He soon rose to the command of this ship, but was afterwards superseded by the official authorities on shore, of whose conduct, both then and subsequently, his complaints are numerous, loud, and long; by dint of remonstrance, however, with the Marine board in Philadelphia, he obtained letters to the American commissioners at the court of France, to purchase and equip a frigate for him, and with this introduction he repaired to Paris.

The compiler of these memoirs remarks with much naïveté—"It must be owned that Capt. Jones at no time slipped any opportunity of bringing himself forward, and placing his services in a fair light."—He gave the commissioners (Franklin, Deane and Lee,) no peace, until he was appointed to the *Ranger*, the American ship of war in which he came over, but which had been damaged on her voyage, and was now refitted at Nantes. In this vessel he sailed to Quiberon, and had the address to secure the full recognition of the American flag, for the first time, by the French admiral there, whom he induced to give him the usual honorary salute. On the 10th of April, 1778, he sailed from Brest on that brief and daring cruise, so celebrated for the assault on Whitehaven, the robbery of the Earl of Selkirk's plate, and the capture of the *Drake*. The plate, Jones subsequently restored at considerable personal trouble and expense, and with so much exactness, that although seven years had elapsed, the tea leaves, it is said, still remained in the silver tea-pot. The engagement with the *Drake* was fought in Belfast loch. The news of Paul Jones' attempt on Whitehaven, had reached Belfast on the night of the 23d April, and on the morning of the 24th, when his vessel was descried off Carrickfergus, the *Drake*, a twenty gun sloop, sailed out of the harbour to take her; the *Drake's* boat was sent off to reconnoitre the *Ranger*, but when the officer

boarded her, he was seized and detained prisoner with his boat's crew, by Jones, whose account of the action is as follows:—

"The Drake was attended by five small vessels full of people, who were led by motives of curiosity to see an engagement; but when they discovered the Drake's boat at the Ranger's stern, they wisely put back. Alarming smokes now appeared in great abundance, extending along both sides of the channel. The tide was unfavorable—so that the Drake worked out but slowly. This obliged me to run down several times, and to lay with courses up, and main-top-sail to the mast. At length the Drake weathered the point, and having led her out to about mid-channel, I suffered her to come within hail. The Drake hoisted English colours, and at the same instant the American stars were displayed on board the Ranger. I expected that preface had been now at an end; but the enemy soon after hailed, demanding what ship it was. I directed the master to answer, the American continental ship Ranger; that we waited for them, and desired they would come on. The sun was now little more than an hour from setting, it was therefore time to begin. The Drake being rather astern of the Ranger, I ordered the helm up, and gave her the first broadside. The action was warm, close, and obstinate; it lasted an hour and five minutes, when the enemy called for quarters, her fore and main-top-sail yards being both cut away, and down on the cap; the fore-top-gallant-yard and mizen-gaff both hanging up and down along the mast; the second ensign which they had hoisted shot away, and hanging over the quarter-gallery, in the water; the jib shot away, and hanging into the water; her sails and rigging entirely cut to pieces, her masts and yards all wounded, and her hull also very much galled."

The captain and lieutenant of the Drake were both mortally wounded. On his return from this expedition, Jones underwent a series of losses and crosses and disappointments from the American authorities—indeed, a great part of the book is taken up with a recital of the injuries and wrongs that were put upon him, and the remonstrances and other means he used to right himself with the Congress, the Plenipotentiaries, and others. At length, however, he was appointed commodore of a small squadron of five vessels, which, partly from the wavering councils of the French government, who were joined in the expedition, and partly from the mismanagement of some of the persons connected with it, effected nothing. Afterwards, at the head of a larger squadron of seven sail, he beat about the coast of Scotland during the month of September, 1779, and raised a dreadful alarm in the seaports of Leith and Kirkcaldy, by sailing up the Frith of Forth right betwixt them. His intention was to seize the shipping in the harbour, and burn all that he could not carry off. A violent westerly gale fortunately sprung his mast, and blew him out of the Frith, but not before the terrified inhabitants had been thrown into the utmost consternation. Jones returned to the Texel, without having accomplished anything of importance in his long cruise—owing, as he states, to the want of secrecy and due subordination, on the part of his French officers. The capture of the *Serapis*, a 44 gun frigate, conveying the Baltic fleet, by Paul Jones, in le bon homme Richard, (which last, however, sunk soon after the engagement,) is too cele-

brated, and too familiar to our readers, to admit of repetition here, though the narrative is simply and strikingly given in the work before us, and in the words of Jones.

Nine years after—in 1788, he was offered, by the Russian government, a command in the Black Sea, under Prince Potemkin, against the Turks, and proceeded from Copenhagen, (where he was then engaged on a political mission, to effect a treaty between that Court and the United States) to St. Petersburg, where he was regularly lionized for a fortnight, and the empress conferred upon him the rank of Rear-Admiral, and Prince Potemkin wrote to request he would repair to head-quarters immediately, that he might employ his talents at the opening of the campaign.

We have no intention of analysing Paul Jones' journal of the campaign of the *Liman*, which forms the leading feature of the second volume of the present work. To give some idea, however, of the extreme modesty of the hero who here becomes his own biographer, we shall only mention, that passages like the following abound: "Every one to whom I have the honour to be known is aware that I am one of the least selfish of mankind. Have I not given proofs sufficiently striking that I have a heart the most tender—a soul the most elevated? I have done more than all this.—So far from being harsh and cruel, nature has given me the mildest disposition." He represents himself as having been the victim of injustice, mortification and persecution, in the American, the French, and Russian services; in short, throughout his whole career—and by these his death is represented as having been prematurely hastened. He died at Paris in 1792, in the 45th year of his age.

To the plan and arrangement of these volumes we cannot give much praise. There is considerable want of clearness, and of method; dates are mixed up, and letters on love and on business come upon one in a very disjointed and unsatisfactory fashion. In his own remarks, however, the Editor is generally moderate and sensible; and, as a specimen of these, we shall conclude with an extract of what he says respecting the manners and disposition of his hero.

"In manners Paul Jones has been described by one party as stiff, finical, and conceited; by another as arrogant, brutal, and quarrelsome. The first statement may have some colour of truth, the last is impossible. He had reached manhood before he could have had much intercourse with polite society; and manners, formed so late in life on the fashionable models of Paris and Versailles, may have sat somewhat stiffly on the Anglo-American, who, in giving up his own republican simplicity, and professional openness and freedom, might not have acquired all the ease and grace, even if he did attain the elegance and polish of French manners; but his appearance and manners must have been those of a gentleman. *Mauvais ton*, to a certain degree, might have been tolerated in a seaman and a foreigner; but "rudeness, arrogance, and brutality," must have proved an effectual barrier of exclusion from those polite and courtly circles where Paul Jones was not only received but welcomed; and into which he made his own way, and maintained his place, long after he had lost the gloss and restless attraction of novelty. The letter of Madame Rinsby, and other published documents, prove the footing he held

in respectable French female society to his death, and are quite conclusive as to the propriety of his manners. He has again been described as 'grossly ignorant.' No one who pursues his career, or peruses his letters, can for a moment believe a charge so absurd. From his first appearance as a ship-boy he must have been set down as a very clever and promising lad; and if not a prodigy of learning, which was an impossibility, he had far more literature than was at all usual in his day, even in the very highest ranks of his profession. His verses are far from despicable. Baron Grimm, we think, overrates them, yet he was an admirable critic. They were found amusing and agreeable in polished society, which is the very best test and use of occasional verse—namely, of all such verse as the public can well spare, and his muse was humanizing to his own mind. We like his prose better than his verse. It is often admirable if struck off at one hit, particularly when the writer gets warm, and gives way to his feelings of indignation. It is said, that a minister, in reading the despatches of Lord Collingwood, who went to sea at twelve years of age, used to ask, 'where has Collingwood got his style?'—He writes better than any of us.' With fully more propriety many of the members of Congress, so far as regarded their own compositions and resolves, might have put a similar question in relation to Paul Jones. He is allowed to have been kind and attentive to his crews, and generous and liberal in all pecuniary transactions of a private nature; though his correspondence shows that he was commendably tenacious of his pecuniary claims on states and public bodies. His memoirs afford some pleasing instances of his kindness to his prisoners, and of his desire to rescue them from the fangs of agents and commissaries. So far as discipline descends, Paul Jones was a rigid and strict disciplinarian. In his own person he appears to have been so impatient of all controul and check as to be unfit for any regularly-organized service, though admirably adapted to the singular crisis at which he appeared. To his dress he was, or at least latterly became, so attentive as to have it remarked. It was a better trait that his ship was at all times remarkable for cleanliness and neatness, and for the same good order and arrangement which pervades all his private affairs. He is said to have been fond of music, and to have performed himself.

"The acute understanding of Paul Jones perpetually conflicting with his natural keenness and warmth of temper, gave at times the appearance of vacillation to his conduct, and the unpleasant and unwise alternation of bold defiance with undue submission. This is painfully conspicuous in his unhappy and heartbreaking connexion with Potemkin. On other occasions, as on the sailing of *Landais* in the mutiny, he showed a remarkable degree of self-command and forbearance. On many occasions he betrays the jealousy and dislike of England, which mark the half-conscious renegade. Franklin confines his vituperation to the Sovereign; Paul Jones extends it to the whole nation. The extravagant self-eulogium which so frequently obtrudes itself in his writing, and which must be very offensive to English readers, was, it should be recollected, generally called forth by peculiar circumstances. A man has every right to bring forward his services, when those who should remember appear disposed to forget them.

Besides, what is here concentrated into two small volumes, was in reality diffused over the correspondence of twenty years of an active life. Boasting, for some reason which we leave to philosophy to investigate, appears an inherent quality in great naval commanders. Nelson, Rodney, Drake, were all, in one sense, arrant braggarts."

Memoirs of Simon Bolivar, President Liberator of the Republic of Colombia, and of his principal Generals; comprising, a Secret History of the Revolution, and the events which preceded it, from 1807, to the present time. By Gen. H. L. V. Ducoudray Holstein, Ex-chief of the Staff of the President Liberator, 2 vols. 8vo.—London, H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1830.

The situation in which Gen. Holstein was placed, with respect to Bolivar, give these volumes an interest, of the same kind as that which imparts so much zest to De Bourienne's *Memoirs of Napoleon*. To the execution of them, however, we cannot, by any means, concede high praise. The book is poorly and tediously written, nor in the long detail of public events, do we find any thing sufficiently novel or piquant to reward us for the labour of the perusal. The following notice of the private life, the character and appearance of Bolivar, as coming from one who lived on terms of intimacy with him, though not, we think, unprejudiced, will interest our readers:

"From Spain, Bolivar passed into France, and resided at Paris, where he remained a number of years, enjoying at an early period, all the pleasures of life, which a rich young man, with bad examples constantly before him, can there easily find. I have remarked, that whenever Bolivar spoke to me of the Palais Royal, he could not restrain himself from boasting of its delights. It was on such occasions that all his soul was electrified; his physiognomy became animated, and he spoke and gesticulated with such ardour, as showed how fond he was of that enchanting abode, so dangerous to youth.

"His residence in Paris, and especially at the Palais Royal, has done him great injury. He is pale, and of a yellowish colour, meagre, weak, and enervated.

"I have spoken of Bolivar's residence in Paris; and I ask, if such a school could inspire him, or any other young man, with an inclination for continued, deep, and laborious study; to that school I apprehend it to be in a great measure owing, that he cannot attend with assiduity to business for more than two or three hours in a day; during the greater part of which he is sitting, or lying down upon his hammock, talking about indifferent matters with his favourites and flatterers. The answer of aides-de-camp on duty, to those who wished to speak to him, while he was thus occupied, generally was, that he was very much engaged in his cabinet. He scarcely ever writes at all himself, but dictates, or indicates to his secretary, what he wishes to have written. In consequence, as I apprehend, of the flattery, to which he had been accustomed, since his residence in Paris, he is very fond of adulation, and very vain. But in the school where he acquired these two faults, (I mean those circles in Paris which call themselves *bon ton*), he learned also the dissimulation to conceal them.

"Bolivar returned in 1803 to Madrid, where

he married one of the daughters of Don Bernardo del Toro, uncle of the present Marquis of that name. His father-in-law, who was born in Caracas, resided in Madrid. Bolivar was but 19 years of age, and his lady 16. They returned, in 1809, to Caracas, and lived in a retired manner on their estates. Shortly after, his lady was taken ill and died, without leaving any offspring.

"Bolivar acquired, in the course of his travels, that usage of the world, that courtesy and ease of manners, for which he is so remarkable, and which have so prepossessing an influence upon those who associate with him."

The Family Library, No. IX. The History of the Jews, 3 vols. Vol. III.—London, Murray, 1829.

THE preceding volumes of this valuable and important work have already attained so high and deserved a celebrity, that it is scarcely necessary for us to add the meed of our approbation to the general manner of its execution. The narrative is close, nervous, and vivid, at once filling the mind with rich materials of thought, and pleasing the imagination with a rapid succession of well chosen imagery and felicitous language. Our readers are aware, however, that Mr. Milman has been charged with a fondness for explaining several miracles of the Old Testament by natural causes—and in a word, with too lightly regarding the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and the supernatural powers of divinely inspired agents.

To this charge he has entered his defence, in the preface to the present volume. We must confess our serious apprehension, that Mr. Milman does not come forth from the ordeal scathless. We fear, indeed, his preface to the third volume is rather an aggravation, than extenuation, of the offence. He here advocates a certain "rational latitude of exposition," in interpreting the sacred writings, to which we, as orthodox christians, entertain the strongest repugnance. We have no love for that miserable little philosophy of second causes, which delights in smoothing down the imagined difficulties of divine interposition, or paring away the corner of any miracle recorded in the sacred volume. If a miracle be a contravention of the general laws of nature, in a particular instance, by the author of these laws, then it is its opposition, and not its conformity to natural causes, that constitutes its essence. And if we once break down the strict limit of literal interpretation, we know not where to fix the boundary of divine truth. Mr. Milman is also, we think, so erroneous as to ascribe to what he is pleased to term "the savage and unchristian spirit," inseparable from the early period of the social state among the patriarchs, and their descendants, certain acts chronicled in the Hebrew annals, which, if we have read our bibles aright, proceeded from the immediate command of God himself, and for very sufficient and satisfactory reasons, even to human intelligence, when they are properly investigated and considered. To the contents of the third volume, however, none of these observations can apply, as it does not relate to the working of miracles. It begins with the siege of Jerusalem, in the year 69 of our era, and brings the history down to the 19th century. Often and ably as the siege of Jerusalem has been described, we think our readers cannot fail to be pleased with the following passage:

"The Romans, in the mean time, laboured hard at their military engines. There was great scarcity of timber; they were obliged to bring it from a considerable distance, so that not a tree was left standing within above ten miles of the city; all the delicious gardens, the fruitful orchards, the shady avenues, where, in their days of peace and happiness, the inhabitants of the devoted city had enjoyed the luxury of their delicious climate, the temperate days of spring, and the cool summer nights, were utterly destroyed. It was a lamentable sight to behold the whole gay and luxuriant suburban region turned to a frightful solitude.

"At length, the tall and fearful engines stood again menacing the walls. Both the Jews and Romans looked at them with apprehension: the Jews, from experience of their tremendous powers; the Romans from the conviction that if these were burned, from the total want of timber, it would be impossible to supply their places. Josephus confesses that at this period the Roman army was exhausted and dispirited; while their desperate enemies, notwithstanding the seditions, famine and war, were still as obstinately determined as ever, and went resolutely and even cheerfully forth to battle. Before the engines could be advanced against the walls, the party of John made an attempt to burn them, but without success; for their measures were ill combined; their attack feeble and desultory. For once, the old Jewish courage seemed to fail; so that advancing without their customary fury, and finding the Romans drawn up in disciplined array, the engines themselves striking down their most forward men, they were speedily repelled, and the Helepolis advanced to the wall amid showers of stones and fire, and every kind of missile. The engines began to thunder; and the assailants, though sometimes crushed by the stones that were hurled upon them from above, locked their shields over their heads, and worked at the foundation with their hands, and with crow-bars, till at length they got out four large stones. Night put an end to the conflict.

"During the night, the wall suddenly fell in with a terrific noise; for it happened to stand over that part which John had formerly undermined, in order to destroy the enemy's engines. But when the Romans, rushed in the morning, to the breach, they found a second wall, which John, with true military foresight, had built within, in case of such an emergency. Still this wall was newly made, and comparatively weak. Titus assembled the officers of the army, and made them an energetic address; in which, among other topics, he urged the manifest interference of divine Providence in their favour, in the unexpected falling of the wall. They listened in silence, till at length a common soldier, a Syrian, named Sabinus, a man of great courage, but slender make, and very dark complexion, volunteered to lead a forlorn hope. He threw his shield over his head, grasped his sword, and advanced deliberately to the wall. Only eleven men had courage to follow him. Javelins, weapons of all kinds, and huge stones, came whizzing and thundering around him. Some of his companions were beaten down, but though covered with darts, he still persisted in mounting, till the Jews, panic stricken at his boldness, and supposing that he was followed by many more, took to flight. He had actually reached the top of